

## THE WIDE AWAKE CIRCLE

## BOYS AND GIRLS DEPARTMENT

## Rules for Young Writers.

1. Write plainly on one side of the paper only, and number the pages.  
2. Use pen and ink, not pencil.  
3. Short and pointed articles will be given preference. Do not use over 250 words.  
4. Original stories or letters only will be used.  
5. Write your name, age and address at the bottom of the story.  
6. Address all communications to Uncle Jed, Bulletin Office.

Whatever you are—Be that! Whatever you say—Be true! Straightforwardly act. Be honest—in fact. Be nobody else but you.

## POETRY.

## THE DOG'S CHRISTMAS DINNER.

By Kate Tannatt Woods.  
The church-bells rang out one Christmas morn.  
Merrily as the clear, cold air;  
They seemed to say, "Our Christ is born.  
Come, worship him here, both young and old."

And by-and-by, when they slowly tolled,  
A little fairy, with golden hair,  
Walked up the steps with her grand-  
dame old,  
And paused in a pew, near the chan-  
cel-stair.

Her golden locks floated softly down,  
Just kissed by a band of ribbon blue,  
Which lay'd it back with a knot on the crown.  
And left her bright eyes peeping through.

"The least of these," the old priest said;  
And Beatie whispered, "The least of these."  
While she bowed her light-crowned  
golden head,  
And whispered, "Our Father" on  
bended knees.

At last, when the people went their  
way  
With words of kindly greeting and  
cheer,  
Little bright-eyed Beatie was heard to  
say,  
"The Christ-Child makes us  
happy here."

And again, when the fountains were  
happy at home,  
And grace had been said for boun-  
ty given,  
Little Beatie said softly, "The poor have  
none."

But Christmas will wait for them up  
in heaven.  
At the feast they mimed the thought-  
ful child;  
And, searching without and within,  
they found  
Little Beatie on the steps, where she sat  
and smiled.

While the dogs of the household  
were gathered round.  
There was Hero the hunter, brave in  
the chase,  
And Lion the fearless, and puny  
and shy.

And grizzly Towser, fleet in the race,  
And dear little Snip who lived on  
a rug.

From a plate on her lap the little  
queen gave,  
Each doggie a morsel of Christmas  
cheer.  
While over her head sat pussy-cat  
Dave,  
Half ready to die with envy and fear.

All over the steps the holly-sprays  
fell,  
Even down to the feet of the little  
queen.  
Who watched her loving subjects well,  
And declared "such a dinner never  
was seen."

They found her there; and an artist  
drew  
The picture at once, dear readers,  
for you;  
And little Beatie said, "Papa, if you  
please,  
Aren't our dear doggies 'the least of  
these'?"

UNCLE JED'S TALK TO WIDE-  
AWAKES.

If we practiced what older people  
who love us tell us to get on in  
the world, the world would be a  
pleasant place to live in.

One dear old grandma has left for  
young people these nice rules of con-  
duct:

"Speak your words plainly; do not  
mutter or mumble. If your words are  
worth saying, they are worth pro-  
nouncing distinctly and clearly.

"Do not say disagreeable things. If  
you have nothing pleasant to say, keep  
silent.

"Think three times before you speak  
once.

"Have you something to do that you  
can do better than I can?"

"If I am going to do a thing, let me  
do it well. If I am going to do a thing,  
let me do it right."

"If I am going to do a thing, let me  
do it with a good heart."

"If I am going to do a thing, let me  
do it with a good mind."

"If I am going to do a thing, let me  
do it with a good body."

"If I am going to do a thing, let me  
do it with a good soul."

"If I am going to do a thing, let me  
do it with a good heart, a good mind,  
a good body, and a good soul."

## Do hard and would prefer not to do?

Do the hard thing first and get over  
with it. If you have done wrong, go  
and confess it. If your lesson is tough,  
master it. If the garden is to be  
weeded, weed it first and play after-  
wards. Do first the thing you don't  
like to do, and then with a clear con-  
science try the rest."

This is as good advice as any one  
could give young people, and these  
rules are just as good for grownups  
as for little ones.

"Attention" is a military command.  
It is like saying: "Now, put your  
whole mind upon your work."

"Byes Right!" is another military  
order to teach the men to look one  
way together and to keep looking.  
Soldiers would appear to be disorderly  
if they were looking every way and  
did not look at their commander or  
the company line.

It is good manners to look at those  
who talk to you; a good habit to speak  
your words plainly; and a sensible  
practice not to say irritating things  
even to those we dislike, for they can  
usually say things very much meaner  
and hurt your feelings worse than  
you hurt theirs. It is also a good re-  
sult to do the things you most  
dislike to do and to do them well, for  
that leaves nothing to dread, and  
quickness of spirit of industry so  
we can do much more in less time.

You will never be sorry, Wide-  
Awakes, if you take grandma's advice.  
The winners of prize-books.

1—Inez Guile, of Norwich—Mistress  
Mistress.  
2—Lilly Kaplan, of Oakdale—The  
Monkasket Mystery.

3—Lydia Dugas, of Versailles—Dare  
Boys at Vincennes.  
4—Mary A. Burwell, of Stafford  
Springs, 100 points—ONE DOLLAR.

5—Gertrude Robinson, of Packer—  
Doublet and Hose.  
6—Edna Evans, of Plainfield—The  
Boy Chums on Indian River.

7—Edna Weaver, of Providence, R. I.—  
An Every Day Heroine.  
8—Ivy Fisk, of Springfield, Mass.—  
Boy Chums in Florida Jungle.

LETTERS OF ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

Catherine McVeigh, of Norwich—I  
thank you very much for the prize  
book. I read it and found it very in-  
teresting.

Evelyn Carson, of Norwich—I am  
very thankful for the beautiful prize-  
book I won, and hope it will be for-  
tunate enough to win another. The name  
of it was "The Boy Chums on Indian  
River." I have it partly read.

Ivy Fisk, of Springfield, Mass.—I  
received the prize book entitled "Mar-  
jorie Daw." I am very glad to have  
it, and I am going to start reading it to-  
night and I shall like it.

Edna Evans, of Plainfield—I was  
very much pleased with the prize  
book you sent, "Miss Elliott's Girls,"  
and thank you very much for it. I  
have read most of it and find it inter-  
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Miriam Sherevsky, of Norwich—I  
thank you very much for the prize  
book you have sent me, "The Boy  
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shall find it as interesting as the others  
I have read.

Delia Ames, of Plainfield—I re-  
ceived the prize book, "The Daughter  
of the Forest," and I thank you very  
much for it. I have read most of it  
and find it very interesting. I have not  
yet read the rest, but I am sure I  
shall like it.

STORIES WRITTEN BY WIDE-  
AWAKES.

A Thanksgiving and Christmas.  
In my story I am going to tell you  
about Christmas and Thanksgiving. I  
will speak about Thanksgiving first  
because it comes before Christmas.  
Now, we must know who made them.  
The Pilgrims gathered on in the  
autumn and the band of Pilgrims and  
Indians sat down to feast. They had  
other one before long. I have not read  
it through yet. I am interested in it.

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Not long after Thanksgiving comes  
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GUARDING HIS HOME, by Dorothy Sneathstone of Providence, R. I.

fire and ate just a few pieces of toast,  
and went for a swim in the lakes.  
The water was calm and still, and  
the rest of the voyage was pleasant.

We stayed there two weeks. Then we  
came home to spend the rest of our  
vacation.

Odde and Ends.  
There was once a maiden who was  
very pretty but careless. When she  
sat at her spinning wheel she would  
not trouble to unravel a knot in the  
flax, but tore it out and threw it upon  
the floor beside her.

She had a maid servant who was  
very industrious and collected these  
odds and ends of flax, washed them,  
and spun them, and made herself a  
pretty dress out of the material.

The idle maiden was soon to be  
married, and on the eve of the wed-  
ding the busy little maid servant put  
on her pretty dress and danced right  
merrily. The bride, who was watch-  
ing her, said to the young man:

"See how that girl bows and bends.  
Dressed in my cast-off odds and ends."

When the bridegroom heard the story  
and found how idle she must be, and  
how industrious the poor girl was, he  
gave up his bride and went and chose  
the other girl for his wife.

LOUISE OUELLET.  
Norwich.

The Bronze Turkey.  
The bronze turkey, the king of the  
varmints, strutted back and forth  
from sunrise until sundown, only  
stopping to eat and to drink. He ate  
like a giant!

Farmer Jones fed him golden corn  
near and old Farmer Jones was very  
proud of the turkey that was to de-  
corate his dinner table.

The time came to chop off this beau-  
tiful turkey's head. It was thought  
that Farmer Jones was filled with  
the spirit of the turkey, and he was  
going to start reading it tonight and I  
shall like it.

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ing; for being good to him, nothing;  
total, nothing.

When Tommy saw the seventy-five  
cents he was pleased, but when he  
read his mother's note his eyes filled  
up with tears and his lips quivered.  
Then he took the money to his mother,  
threw his arms around her neck and  
begged that she would let him do lots  
of things.

Mother's bill is rarely presented, but  
every child should endeavor to pay it  
in loving love.  
LYDIA DUGAS, Age 13.  
Versailles.

The Halloween Parade.  
Our Halloween parade was wonder-  
ful and comical. A lot of the girls on  
our street dressed up in all sorts of  
uniforms such as boys, sailors, etc. It  
was a sight worth seeing when we all  
matched up for the parade.

We sang songs, hoisted and made  
enough noise to be heard all over  
town. Small children chased us, in-  
stead of being scared. We were very  
lucky. We all enjoyed our masks for  
a minute. They declared we were the  
best "make up" out that night.

When we were tired of visiting some  
one said: "Let's have some real fun.  
Excitement!"

One of the girls told of a house on  
a back street where someone was  
having a party. Having tapped on the  
door, slammed the blinds, etc., we at  
last entered the house. We were very  
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FEEDING THE BIRDS, by Rose Eagan, age 10, of Williamstown.

(Written Specially for The Bulletin.)  
Have you ever heard of Tom Thumb?  
Well, he was a very little man,  
and I had heard that he had a  
very wide-awake that they always  
called her Tiny Wide-Awake, and I  
thought the children would like to  
hear about her.

One day when she was out under  
a great big tree, sitting on an acorn,  
for you know she was very tiny, a  
great big grass-hopper came along.  
"How do you do, Tiny," he said, and  
he hopped right up to her, "would you  
like a ride this nice day?"

"Oh, indeed I should, Mr. Grass-  
hopper."

"Then hop on my back and sit very  
still. I am going to the flower-  
field, and I'll take you along, too."

"Who is to be married?" asked Tiny.  
"Wild Rose is going to marry John-  
ny-Jump-Up, at four o'clock. We will  
have to hop along quite fast to get  
there on time." And away they hopped,  
for Tiny perched herself on his  
back, and chuckled to herself as they  
flew over the leaves and tall grass,  
only stopping once in a while to rest  
on a pebble. At last they could see  
a great bunch of flowers at the edge  
of the woods.

"There they are now," said the grass-  
hopper. "In two or three more hops  
we'll be there, and right on time, too,  
for I hear the choir already."

"The bees. Don't you hear them  
humming?"

"They are in a shady and velvety place  
in the woods as saw a very wonder-  
ful sight. High up on a very big fern  
leaf, a number of bees, humming  
a sweet song, and some of them  
have an aeroplane to go away in," said  
Tiny.

"And one that will not fall and let  
them get hurt," said the grass-hop-  
per.

"Get on my back now, for this is  
your aeroplane and it is time to start  
again." And they flew to the  
acorn where he found Tiny, and after  
that he came home to tell  
about her lovely trip.

VADA WILCOX.

Golden Keys.  
A bunch of golden keys is mine.  
To make each day with gladness shine.  
"Good morning," that's the golden key  
That unlocks every day for me.  
When evening comes, "Good-night!" I  
say.  
And close the door of each glad day.  
When I think of it, it gives me  
I take from off my bunch of keys  
When friends give anything to me  
I'll use the little "Thank you" key.  
"Excuse me," "Beg your pardon," too,  
When by mistake some harm I do;  
Or, if unkindly harm I've given,  
With "Forgive me," I shall be forgiven.  
On a golden ring these keys I'll bind;  
This is its motto: "Be ye kind."  
I'll attach to each a golden key  
And then a child polite I'll be.

From the Commerce Reports.  
Brazil's coffee crop this year is  
likely to exceed anything ever known  
there. All former calculations are ex-  
ceeded and the crop is even ex-  
pected at the prospect of such great  
quantities being put on the market at  
a fact.

Complaints are growing the German  
agents have too much leeway in this  
country. The fact is, they haven't  
been given enough rope.—Bucklyn  
Eagle.

Dear Uncle Jed: One Wednesday in  
August my father and I left for  
Boston on the 4 o'clock train and when  
we got there it was too late to go to  
my cousin's house so we stayed at the  
Essex hotel in Boston over night, and  
the bellboy showed us to our rooms.

The hotel is ten stories high and  
when we looked out on the people it  
seemed as if we were in heaven.  
We had a bellboy to wake us up  
at 6 o'clock, but we woke up long be-  
fore 7, it being a strange city to us  
it was quite noisy, for there was an  
elevated railroad across from our  
room.

We got up next morning and ate  
breakfast in a restaurant and I left  
to wait on ourselves—bring things from  
the counter to the table.  
After breakfast we went to our  
cousin's house in Dorchester, and we  
all went to Revere Beach and went in  
for they were not allowed to collect  
them. It seems too bad not to see  
the city from every other Thank-  
sgiving day I have seen them.

I hope you had a merry Thank-  
sgiving, too.  
Catherine McVeigh.

A Trip to Boston.  
Dear Uncle Jed: One Wednesday in  
August my father and I left for  
Boston on the 4 o'clock train and when  
we got